

A Dialogue, between Toney, and the

Ghost of the Late LORD VISCOUNT-STAFFORD.

Ghost. **W**hy dost thou restless Spectour haunt a Shade,
Who thy false practices, a Ghost has made ?

Why dost thou with Incessant rage pursue
Thole whom thy only Crimes to ruin drew ?
Thy false pretences of a wretched PLOT,
Whose vile Conception, thy own Brain begot
Much Blood has spilt ; and on thy Head has brought,
Heavens Vengeance, for the perjuries thou'st taught.

Toney. Poor empty Shadow ? canst thou think that I,
Will like thy self, contented go to Dye ?

*Anthony Earl of
Shafisbury.*

Know senceless Shade ; Whenever I do Fall,
Millions at least shall wait my Funeral.
The kind believing Croud ; which I have led
Long in a Noose ; and my Revenge has fed :
Who still with acclamations made my Name,
Reach to the Clouds t'imortalize my Fame.

Will not believe that I,
Bent my Designs, t'establish Anarchie,
Thou seest I still the Idoll am,
They think t'was for their Liberties I came,
The unthinking Vulgar ; will not see him Fall
Whom they so oft, did their *preserver* Call.

Ghost. Thou Hellish Engine no, Heaven has at last
Decreed, to open all thy Treasons past,
Thy Insinuating Arts henceforth shall fail,
Thy *Janus* Head at last shall loose it's vail :
Thy Canker'd Soul display'd to open view
Shall turn on thee, the Venome which they drew,
The Peoples Eyes, shall be at last unseal'd
And all thy Trayterous Designs Reveal'd ;
Thy damned Arts, and Engines, all shall be
Lay'd open, the whole World thy PLOTS shall see.
Read in thy Heart ; Writ in Large Characters
The Hellish Cause of our Domestick Jars :
Then to thy horror, thou amaz'd shall see
The abus'd People, my Revengers be.

Toney. Let it be true, let all the horrors come
Thou'st mention'd, Furies joyn to give me Doom,
Let in my Fall, both Heaven, and Earth Conspire,
My deep Designs shall not with Life Expire :
My Days, and Nights, (whilst here) I will employ
In Studied mischiefs Kingdoms to destroy ;
My Emissaries shall Insinuate,
Seeking the Nations safety, brought my Fate ;
He sow such Seeds ; Sedition shall not cease
Nor shall they after I am Dead have Peace :
For with my fall, He darken all the Stars,
And leave the World in Universal Jars.

Ghost. Hold Impious wretch, what has thy fury fed !
Add not more Blood to that already Shed ;
Think what Reward, to Blood and Treason's Due,
And think how many thy Ambition Slew :
Think e're it be too late, and think withall
Heaven does by me thee to Repentance Call ;
The Gates of Mercy are not yet made fast,
O ! seek it, and Repent thy Treason's past :
Or else when Death, has clos'd thy Mortal Eyes,
Then EVER will BEGIN thy Miseries.

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